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rocks beneath the most westerly hillock on the Common, to bathe in the salt water that plashed up to its foot.

Of course we do not undertake to follow Dr. Shurtleff's steps with our critical lantern, through all, or anything like all, the extent and the labyrinths of his explorations. It would be toilsome, and it would be hazardous. Our memory and antiquarian reading, as far as they serve, answer to his descriptions, with no exception worthy of note. Since archæology, so unlike law, *de minimis curat*, we will overcome our diffidence so far as to dissent from his opinion as to the origin of Julien soup. We strongly incline to think that the toothsome concoction was relished, under the name of *potage à la Julienne*, long before the days of our Boston Soyer. And if our memory does not cheat us, it was a gallant officer of the army, and not of the sister service, who caused the servant of the mysterious recluse of Apple Island to be flogged, and who thereupon learned from Charles Jackson, of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, that law in that Commonwealth was an awkward thing to do battle against.

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9. — *History of Rye, West Chester County, New York*, 1660–1870.

By CHARLES W. BAIRD. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. pp. 570. 1871.

WHEN, eighty years ago, our Massachusetts Historical Society was founded, one field of historical research they proposed to themselves for exploration was, the history of towns. These valuable compendiums of local history have since been greatly multiplied, and, assuming more considerable proportions, been given to the world in separate volumes. It is estimated that more than one hundred such works have been published relating to towns in this State, as many more to those in other parts of New England. They preserve for family history, its dates, alliances, and incidents, and afford a clearer insight than can in any other way be gained of the modes of life, and household economies of former generations. They afford us, besides, a glimpse beyond into the forest primeval of the races displaced. As the last feeble remnants of once powerful tribes are passing away, our interest deepens in their story. In the narrations sent home soon after the settlement, all that was then known of the Indians is to be found, but from later sources our knowledge of what they were has become much more extensive and exact. In Connecticut, where the material is unusually abundant, the inquiry has been pursued by scholars especially fitted for their task. The history of the Indian tribes by De Forest is replete with information with regard to them; and another authority, said to be the only

man living who can read Eliot's Bible, has been able recently to cover nearly the whole area of the State with Indian deeds. This is highly creditable to the honesty of the planters, the more so that their trade was not only fair and honorable, but the equivalents rendered so satisfactory to the previous occupants that they never manifested the slightest disposition to disturb their bargain. They were long after accustomed to come down from time to time to revisit the graves of their fathers, and hold their powwows in accustomed places, but again withdrew in peace and quietness. These deeds give the names of the chieftains of the Pequods and Nipmucks and other tribes, and also reveal to us many usages that prevailed among them. This is but one source among many from which we are enabled to form some notion of their characters and customs.

What is now Rye, previous to 1660, the period of its settlement by the whites, was occupied by several villages of Mohegans, who had cleared off the forest and made extensive plantations. Disbrow from Greenwich, near by on the east, with three associates, Coe, Stedwell, and Budd, in that year and those that followed purchased large tracts of their land until they covered not only the present area of that town, but Hastings, North Castle, and Bedford, in New York, and part, also, of Greenwich, in the neighboring State. Their limits extended more than twenty miles back into the country, with pretensions even to the Hudson. To them, original founders, were added other planters who subsequently were called the "Eighteen Proprietors." Their first abode was on Manussing Island, extending about a mile along the shore of Long Island Sound, but spread soon over Peningo Neck and other portions of the grant. The Indians gradually left the settlement. Muirson, the missionary in 1708, states, in a letter to the Society for Propagating the Gospel, that there were but twenty families then remaining in Rye of several hundreds which had existed there not many years before.

From what Mr. Baird tells us of the character and antecedents of the planters, they were in culture and means quite up to, if not above, the average of those who at times established themselves in places as remote. They were prosperous farmers dealing in cattle and wood. Mills and ropewalks, fishing and navigation, and the mechanic arts were early introduced, and they contained within themselves all the elements of a thriving community. They had little to fear from hostile Indians, whom they had always treated kindly and with justice. Philip's War in 1675 did not come near to molest them, though some of their young men took an honorable part in its fights. Due precaution was taken, however, against predatory attacks, and their stone garrison-house, forty feet by

twenty-four, with a round porthole in the gable, was torn down only three years ago. Their train-band was maintained in good discipline, and whenever there were requisitions on Rye for expeditions against Indians or French, there were always volunteers ready to go.

The sixteen towns included in the Connecticut government were, as far as concerned their own local concerns, independent communities, and, though they sent deputies to the colonial Assembly and conformed to its laws, these interfered but little with their right to do as they pleased. These town governments, which John Adams later termed one of the corner-stones of American liberty, were so constituted as to admit a large part of the inhabitants to an influential voice in their administration. In 1700, for sixty rate-payers, including the deputies and officers of the train-band, there was an office for every two of them. The territory not divided generally belonged to the eighteen proprietors, but there were town lands at the disposal of the whole body of voters. These were often distributed; and situated on the Sound, only twenty-five miles from New York, and ready markets for their surplus, operating as an incentive to industry and enterprise, the prosperity of Rye kept pace with that of any other of the settlements.

The domestic economy in these out-of-the-way corners, in the seventeenth century and early part of the eighteenth, was frugal and plain. Old houses still remain to tell us something of their household arrangements. Probate records enumerate their furniture and garments. Their abodes were of limited accommodation for the number that occupied them. There was generally a bed in every apartment, not excepting the kitchen. Tables and chairs were not abundant, but stools and benches were, and two or three chests of drawers in every family, for bed and table linen, raiment, and other valuables. They commonly possessed, we are told, in every household a warming-pan, it is presumed for use in case of illness; occasionally, shelves of books, and long candlesticks with backs to prevent the flame flickering in the drafts, which were suspended from nails in the beams. Their garments were of serge, kersey, or leather, the latter often handed down from father to son, — a custom in those days with more costly articles of apparel in wealthy families. The Bible and the rifle of course were indispensable. Life was ever precarious and perils numberless, and trust in Providence and self-reliance went hand in hand.

Rye was a healthy place, if we judge from the fact that there was no physician till sixty years after its settlement. The people were too busy for much litigation; they had their justice of the peace, but no lawyer till 1770. The prevailing religious views were congregational; and though in 1703 Colonel Fletcher, the governor, introduced the

church system of England, instituting wardens and vestry, and placing the parsonage and glebe in possession of the rector, the vestry chosen from all the rate-payers were still Dissenters. Paupers were put up at auction to the lowest bidder, but treated with humanity. About the middle of the last century there were one hundred and seventeen slaves in Rye. Near the market-place were the stocks and whipping-stool. Public-houses were rather above the average in excellence and accommodation, as the great post-road connecting New York with the Middle States passed through the town. But even the best were not very neat or well provided. At least Strang's was not, where Madam Knight passed her wretched night in 1704. They were better later, in the days of Haviland's and Pemfield's, where John Adams stayed in 1774, and Washington in 1789. Before steam quickened locomotion, it took a week to traverse the two hundred and fifty miles between Boston and New York, and the coaches east and west at nightfall deposited their loads of weary passengers at the Stage House. This was the great event of the day for the town and the tavern itself till early morning, when with much circumstance the heavily laden conveyances again took their departure, crowded with travellers of every condition, some sleeping off their weariness, others regaling themselves with curiously concocted beverages, then more in use than was for their advantage. The spacious bar-room, set apart in inns for travellers, with high settees, sanded floor, and a load of logs ablaze on the capacious hearth, is a scene of the past. There people of all conditions freely mingled in animated talk about crops and politics; the eloquent harangued, the pugnacious disputed; there were good jokes to amuse and songs to enliven. If more was drunk than due moderation justified, it was worked off by hard labor and constant exposure to the weather, and at least good fellowship and social interchange in some degree redeemed what was objectionable.

The town having been settled from New England, it was considered a great hardship by its inhabitants that they should be wrenched away from all their old associations against their will, and placed under the jurisdiction of New York. Yet such was their fate. Not long after the Dutch surrendered New Amsterdam, King Charles gave that province to his brother James, with its dependencies, and in process of time a new boundary line was established, which placed Rye within its jurisdiction. This arbitrary act was aggravated by a patent granted of a valuable portion of their territory to Colonel Harrison. Upon this they revolted and seceded back to Connecticut. When the sheriff of West Chester summoned a town meeting for election of officers, a body of fifty stalwart troopers appeared and broke it up. For four years they

continued in disaffection, but were finally compelled to yield, and became about 1700 part and parcel of New York. They had many accessions to their inhabitants from other places, Friends and Huguenots; but the descendants of the original planters form even now an important part of the population, eight of the proprietors being largely represented. The present number of inhabitants is seven thousand one hundred, but this is only a small part of those who dwell within the limits of Rye in its greatest extent.

When the discontents that led to revolution and independence agitated the Colonies, there were many minds in Rye, some loyal to the king, others to liberty. There were heart-burnings and discord, and, what was worse, suspicion. Men of sufficient character and consequence to be regarded as dangerous were thrown into prison, spirited away, or placed under bonds. When Washington, in 1776, after the battle of Long Island, fell back into West Chester, Howe, in pursuit, landed twelve miles below Rye. After the battle, October 28, at White Plains, then forming part of the town, the Americans drew back two miles into strong posts among the hills. The British troops, not venturing to attack them, early in November retired to New York. West Chester continued during the war neutral or debatable ground, and was subjected, says Irving, to be foraged by the Royal forces and insulted by refugees and tories. No region was more harried or trampled down by friend or foe. Cowboys and Skinners committed all sorts of atrocities. Barns and houses were consumed or sacked, fences burnt, and cattle driven away. Close by the sea, Rye was perpetually exposed to depredations, and the women and children were kept in constant alarm and terror. Hostile armies occasionally moved through the place, and there was fighting and bloodshed at Kniffen's Hill and other well-known localities. When, after eight years, peace at last came, the town presented a sad scene of desolation. Farms were laying waste, houses in ruins, and the people utterly impoverished. Many families, before the troubles rich and influential, went as refugee loyalists into voluntary exile, taking refuge in the provinces still dependent on the crown.

Rye had, however, too many resources in its position and the character of the people not soon to regain its prosperity, and the soil being fertile, the climate from proximity to salt water salubrious, and the scenery attractive, many families of note made it their home. Before the war, Peter Jay, of Huguenot stock, had taken up his abode in a stone house eighty feet in length, where his eminent son, John Jay, the first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, was born, and where the family long resided. Ogdens and Hoyets were there, and other familiar names. When Joseph Bonaparte, after the down-

fall of his brother at Waterloo, was seeking a residence in America, he offered one hundred thousand dollars for an estate at Rye. His offer was not accepted, and he established himself at Bordentown in New Jersey. Lafayette, who had doubtless often passed through the place in the war, was there again in 1824, and at that time an interview took place there between him and Mrs. Thomas, widow of Major-General Thomas of the Revolutionary Army, not of the one who died in 1776 in Canada, who was from Kingston, Mass., but another of the West Chester family.

This volume will find a welcome with many who from other parts of our country look back to that neighborhood as the land of their nativity or that of their fathers. Its value will be especially appreciated by antiquarians and all diligent inquirers of times past. Even to those who only know the place from his graphic descriptions and plans that explain them, Mr. Baird affords a very distinct idea of the spot. His subject is judiciously disposed, the style is simple and scholarly, and the incidents sufficiently interesting to engage attention and reward it. When a publication of this nature is good enough to deserve a place in our libraries, the information it contains is ever in request, and it is sure of a wide circle of readers.

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9. — *Sketches from America*. By JOHN WHITE. London: Sampson, Low, Low, and Marston. 1870. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 373.

THE time was, and that not many years ago, when the American continent and its inhabitants were to the European reading public almost a *terra incognita*. The educated man of the Old World, and especially of England, hardly ever came here, unless upon business, without the intention, more or less distinctly defined, of making a book of his experiences. As a rule, too, these observers, when they carried out their designs, strictly followed the advice of the elder Weller to Mr. Pickwick in regard to abusing us sufficiently. In the case of the English authors this peculiarity was accompanied by another, eminently characteristic of their nationality; after indulging towards America, and all men and things American, in as much contempt, dislike, and ridicule as they could command, — the whole laid on with that peculiar *de haut en bas* British self-sufficiency which no other people can imitate, — after keel-hauling us, as it were, and flogging us round the fleet, and, finally, rubbing the essence of intellectual brine into our lacerated feelings, — after indulging in all these little amusements, the entertainment generally concluded with an exhibition of most innocent surprise and pity that, as a people, we could be so thin-skinned and